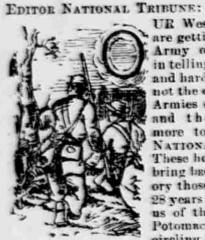
## FIGHTING THEM OVER.

What Our Veterans Have to Say About Their Old Campaigns

AROUND PETERSBURG

What the Mcn Endured in the Trenches During the Summer of 1864.



UR Western comrades are getting ahead of the Army of the Potomac in telling of their battles and hardships. Why do not the comrades of the Armies of the Potomac and the James have more to say in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE? These hot days of June bring back to my memory those days of 28 years ago, that found Potomac and James en-

circling Petersburg and the very heart of rebeldom (Richmond); and while according all henor and glory to our Western comrades for what they dared and did. I think for hard knocks and constant strain on the nervous system that the army investing Petersburg and Richmond took the

I well remember landing at City Point, May 22, 1864, with eight companies of my regiment and a colored lattery-the 5th U. S. I think. Butler's army lay across the month of the Appomattox River, at Bermuda Hundred, Beauregard confronting as from the Petersburg front, and we on the constant lookout for a raid from his forces, which were continuity bush whacking our pickets, which were out about a mile on the City Point and Petersburg road in our front, and if it had not been for our gunboats in the river we would have been gobbled up in short

And for fear of this gobbling up we were one fine morning ordered out with our Spencer carbine, dismounted, marched out from camp beside the little brick church, formed in line, and ordered to lay our carbine down and given a pick and shevel, and also given to understand that upon the faithful work of this (cavalry) weapon our salvation depended; and the result was, by working day and night, two hours on and two off, we soon had thrown up the line of works that run from the James to the Appomattox, and from that time on we felt more secure from any sudden dash from Beau-

At the same time every man was ordered to go to sleep with his boots and spurs on; and wee to the man that thought more of his feet than of the orders, for if caught with his spurs and boots off, had the pleasure of standing with packed saddle on a barrel for a good share of the next day. And then in the stillness of the of boots and saddles, and as every one knows that meant git up and git.

And so it was until June 15, when, at 2 o'clock in the morning, boots and saddles sounded, we were up and mounted and off in a jiffy, to open communications with the Tenth and Eighteenth Corps at Point of Rocks, I shall never forget that ride in the stillness of the early morning. We rode that four miles through the enemy's country, only 800 of us. Just at daybreak the two corps crossed the Appomattox, and threw out skirmishers for the first day's work that was to tighten Grant's grip on Lee, which finally strangled him a year later at Appomattox, and from that time on, for 10 long months, this battle-scarred army gave and took, night and day, covering 40 miles of front from right to

and August, under fire night and day; for the siege of l'etersburg never let up from the time of investment until the day the lines were broken April 2, 1865, with several hard battles sandwiched between. My company went to the front with 100 men in May, and by the middle of July was reduced to 40, such was the duty required of us; on picket duty 48 hours at a time on the banks of the Appomattox, on the right of the Dighteenth Corps, and not daring to show our heads in the daytime, but roasting in the rifle-pits, with the rebs across the river only 200 yards, and the fless and graybacks all around and over us; then, after 48 hours of such life as this, relieved at 9 o'clock at night, to march back to camp two miles, and get to sleep at 11 o'clock; again up at suurise; on stable goard for 24 hours; then one day in camp, and the same thing over again. Those were the days that a man lived 10 days in one. And this was kept up by us until the latter part of August, when we were ordered to Deep Bottom, where we did videt duty until the 27th of September, when we advanced on the onter line of the enemy's works, known as the battle of Chapin's Bluff, which were taken and held. It was behind these bluffs the Army of the James lay during the Winter of 1864-5. I was stationed at First Division Headquarters, Twenty-fifth Corps, as mounted orderly, and had an opportunity in those days while lying in Winter quarters to observe a good share of what was going on around the different points of interest. Dutch Gap Canal was just to the left of Fort Brady, and I remember that the rebel gunboats tossed a shell one night and dismounted one of the two 190-pound Parrott

guns with which the fort was armed. Dutch Gap was ever a point of interest to us; for when we were off duty we would take a ride down to it, and if the Howlett House battery was quiet we could look around; but if they were up to their funny business our stay would be short. A shell once in a while from the rebel gunboats in the James was about all that disturbed us until Grant started for the last act, and then all was confusion until the morning of April 3, when at about 2 o'clock in the morning it was discovered that the rebels had withdrawn from our front. Maj. Stevens, of the 4th Mass, Cav., Acting Provost-Marshal of the Twenty-fifth Corps, gathered together about 60 men of Cos. E and H and started for Richmond, which we entered as the rebs were crossing the river into Manchester. In the meantime Grant had broken Lee's lines, and this was the beginning of the end.

And is it any wonder that under such a strain as the soldiers of those days of 1864 went through that their bair is white and their joints stiff, and to-day the youngest of them are old men before their time by 10 years? But, comrades, we can well afford to forget our bardships in the remembrance of what was gained for our children and our country; but let us remember that we still owe to ourselves a duty to stand shoulder to shoulder for our just rights, which a prosperous country can well afford to give. And if we stand together as of old and remember this Fall who our friends are and have been. when the votes are counted the right man will

Hoping if I am spared until Fall I shall have the pleasure of seeing old comrades and renewing old friendships, and further hoping that this will draw a word from some of the Army of the Potomac or James, will close .- J. A. JOSSELVN, Co. E, 4th Mass. Cav., Brookfield,

PEACH TREE CREEK.

How Four Men Prevented the Capture of Bundy's Battery.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: AVING read with a

Zeitler, of the 109th train could go. Pa., in which he "corrects" Comrade Clark, I desire to offer my version of that part of the battle to which

Southwest. In writing this I con-· fess I have a double | guarded. object-first, in the

me the names of the few brave men herein mentioned, whose names I unfortunately neglected to record; and, second, to give to the colors of the 109th Pa. the recognition which is justly their due. In doing this I am aware tism, but as it is for the honor of "that dear old flag" I hope I may be pardoned.

described by Serg't Clark; conceding also that the 29th Ohio was on the right, reaching to the from sugar, we spread our blankets on the edge of the ravine-the 147th Pa. being on their left-I will, with your indulgence, copy from my diary of that day, written on the spot the following day:

Our regiment-the 109th Pa .- and the 60th N. Y. had been held in reserve-during which time whisky was issued to the men-in anticipation of a pitched battle, and as the firing became brisk Col. Cobham, in command of the brigade, ordered us up the hill to the line of works. There being no room for us in the works our men were a good target for the enemy, and many of them were wounded.

The rebels had discovered our weak point of defense—the ravine—and massed their forces for an attack. Bundy's battery of 12-pound howitzers was planted in the breastworks, covered by the 29th Ohio and the 147th Pa., who fought desperately, disputing every inch of ground until compelled to retire by the force of overwhelming numbers and at the point of the bayonet. Just at this critical moment the 109th Pa, was ordered to the right, near the ravine, when the line broke and retired to the left, forcing our regiment along with them. As they passed me I requested the color-bearer of the 29th Ohio to stop and help to rally them again, but he refused, and I started to run with them. Turning my head to see how close they

advancing rebels, Serg't Gourd, of Co. F, fall,

Gourd was a stanch friend of mine, and his death seemed to nerve me to do what I had first intended, make a stand. Seeing the colors stop, two men of the 109th Pa, returned to defend the flag, and one of them exclaimed : "That's right, Ferg.; stand where you are; we'll stand with you." Two of the artillerymen also returned, and it is these four men I wish to find. What was to be done? To stand oppose them with our muskets-two all toldwas madness. The thought occurred to me to make use of the howitzers, and, giving the word, we quickly drew one of them out of the breastworks, pointed it at the advancing rebels, was loaded, and at the words "Let her go," the grapeshot sped on its mission of death and destruction, and our exultant yells mingled with the groans of the wounded and dying. While this gun was being reloaded we drew out the second gun, and, while the rebels were checked and demoralized, succeeded in using both guns with such good effect that we were enabled to hold our ground until reinforcements arrived. Thick and fast the bullets flew amongst us, and the flag itself was riddled, and I attribute it to a Divine Providence that we escaped so well. By this time others had returned scatteringly, but the 60th N. Y. was the first to return in a body, and they took up a position in support of the two guns. After them came the 109th Pa, filing along the breastworks with Lieut. -- of the battery at their head, crying, and repeating: "If

they had been captured. Among the first to return was Bundy himself, who immediately took charge of the guns night one was suddenly roused up by the bugle (not Maj. Reynolds, as Zeitler claims). Picking up a stocking, the gallant Bundy filled i with stones and bullets, and had it inserted in one of the guns after it had its complement of grape and canister, and his eyes fairly sparkled as the gun was discharged. About this time found to be in an almost hopeless condition, arm in a sling, and was instantly killed. Col. Craig, of the 147th Pa. looking for his regiment?" "I don't know, sir." "What are you doing here?" "I was ordered here, sir."

the 109th had been here I wouldn't have lost

those guns." He was under the impression

officer." He then left me and joined Capt. Bundy. Then came Capt. M ---, of the 109th Pa., with his drawn sword wildly swinging about him, and demanded to know "Where is the regi-I well remember those days of June, July, ment?" and what I was doing there. Telling him to "Go and find the regiment, and bring it back to me." I turned from him in disgust.

Soon afterwards the regiment came back, as

have said, and took up the position vacated by the 29th Ohio. Orders were now given to replace the two guns in the breastworks, and Maj. Cresson, with others, rushed forward to help replace them, shouting as he did so: "Here's where you get your bounty! Come and get your bounty!" Now commenced that furious cannonading described by Sergt.-Mai. Zeitler, and which resulted in the complete ront of the enemy. While this was going on, a line of works was hastily thrown up parallel with the ravine, so as to guard against any further attack from that quarter, and thus was formed the "Bloody Angle" of the Southwest, which was maintained by the 109th Pa. until the close of the following day, when the enemy fell back on Atlanta.

Zeitler asserts that "the consensus of opinin their front are suddenly assailed on either flank, they are almost always justified in going to the rear. But here, at Peach Tree Creek. the highest encomiums are justly deserved by the defenders of the Angle, who did not leave. Instead, they were as firm as a stone wall."

Nevertheless, the facts are as I have stated

above-and my statement is borne out by

Serg't Clark, who, in writing of the flank movement by the rebels up the ravine, says: "This state of affairs caused our men to renew their efforts, with a resolve to sell their lives as dearly as possible; they fought for their lines over their guns, using the musket and the saber in a hand-to-hand encounter; and this was our last effort to beat the enemy back." He says, further: "In this encounter the writer was wounded; the battery was captured by the enemy; we were also captured and marched toward the rebel rear; but before we had time to cross over the ravine, Geary's main line charged the rebel line and recaptured the battery, which was instantly turned upon the enemy, and discharges of grape from those guns wounded some of those who were escorting the Union prisoners to the rebel rear."

In this statement Clark was misinformed; for the battery was not "captured by the enemy," nor did "Geary's main line charge the rebel line, and recapture the battery" the credit of that belongs to the four brave men who remained to defend the colors of the 109th Pa.-FERGUS ELLIOTT, First Sergeant,

Co. G, 109th Pa., Germantown, Pa. BADLY SCARED. How a Sleepwalker Frightened an Indiana

Cavalryman. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: MILE enjoying the



warmth and hospitality of the campfire allow me to relate an incident that happened in the early part of 1862. After the fall of Forts Donelson and Henry there was a forward movement all along the line. Nelson pushed forward and occupied Nashville, while Buell made all haste to join him at that place. At that at that place. At that time the 39th Ind. was a part of Willich's Brigade, Johnson's Division, Mc-

Cook's Corps. After striking tents at Camp Nevin, Ky., we had proceeded several days on our journey, when, owing to the bursting of two very large blisters on the bottom of my right toot, I was compelled to ask for transportation.

Upon exemination of my foot Dr. Gray great deal of interest ordered me to report to Capt. Cody, who was in | The truth is that J. D. McClure was not a the excellent article of charge of a squad of convalescents. I did so, Serg't H. E. Clark, of and learned we were to await the coming of the the 29th Ohio, upon the | train on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. battle of Peach Tree Upon its arrival 15 or 20 of us boarded it, and Creek, and also the ac- were soon on our way to Nashville Junction, 11 | Cromwell, of the 47th Ill., was killed at Jackcount of Serg't-Major miles north of Nashville, which was as far as the

In the convalescent squad was another boy from our company, named Anthony Brown, and, as was quite natural, his company was preferred to any of the rest. So, after traveling all day and until 9 or 10 o'clock that night, Zeitler refers, "The we arrived at last at the junction. There the Bloody Angle" of the Government had been concentrating and piling up in the open air large quantities of Commissary stores, which seemed to be entirely un-

After disembarking from the cars, and being conscious that our grub was pretty low, we prothe eye and discover to | ceeded to replenish our haversacks from that pile. With the aid of our guns we opened a box of crackers and a barrel of sugar, and after helping ourselves to as much as we thought would last us to Nashville, we began our search for the convalescent squad. Failing to find that I lay myself open to the charge of ego them, we wandered across the Louisville & Mississippi River, about eight miles above and Nashville pike, and, climbing over a fence, opposite Vicksburg, where it remained until found ourselves in a last year's cornfield. Ap- | the surrender of Vicksburg. And all this Conceding both accounts to be correct up to | propriating a few choice cedar rails from the time the 47th Ill. was under command of Lieut. | chines may be had for the asking.

the engagement on the ridge, so graphically fence we soon had a roaring fire, and after par- | Col. Samuel Baker. Capt. J. D. McClure after-

we were in the enemy's country and away from our command, that we had better load our guns Henry, Ill. and place them where, in case of emergency, they could be easily reached. I had been lying there some time, thinking what a foolish thing it was for us to do so. Here we were lying in a fence-corner away from friends and comrades. How easy it would be for some blood-thirsty rebel to slip up and murder both of us, and nobody ever be the wiser of it. And, then, should such a thing happen, we would always be regarded as deserters.

My mind was becoming considerably agitated over these thoughts, when Anthony, raising to a sitting posture and pointing out into the cornfield, said in a low, sepulchral tone:

"See; there they are. Don't you see them?" Instantly I raised up and grabbed my gun, and resting on both knees, I held it at arms-aport, ready to pull down anything in sight. "Do you see anything yet?" I asked,

"Yes," said he. "Don't you see them slipping along among those corn-stalks?" I confess I was scared, and badly scared too. My hair almost stood on end. Finally, after straining my eyes in peering out into the dark-ness, I turned, and, looking him in the face, were, I saw the only man between me and the I said in rather a loud tone-"You must be a - fool!"

"O," said he, in a natural tone of voice, why didn't you wake me sooner?" Never in all my campaigns was I more tempted to knock a man on the head with the butt of my gun than I was at that moment. You bet I gave him a piece of my mind, and emphasized it with red-hot expletives. Since then, in reflecting on this incident, I do not blame him, as the poor fellow was subject to somnambulism, and, when in the spells, his there many moments was certain death, and to eyes were open, and to all appearances he was awake. But I never afterward cared to have him as a bunk-mate, on that account.

Next morning, seeing nothing of the convaescent squad, we hobbled along the pike as best we could to Nashville, and to Nelson's the artillerymen working like Trojans until it | camps beyond, where we put up with the 42d Ind. and awaited the coming of our command. -ISAIAH MILLS, Co. C. Sth Ind. Cav., formerly due notice that we were there, and the rebs 39th Ind., Quanah, Tex.

Lamar and Yankee Bullets.



N old Confederate soldier, who belonged to the 12th Miss., related the following war incident to me the other day, of which he was an eye-witness. It may be of interest to your readers, and also to that old Confederate veteran, L. Q. C. Lamar, now on the bench of the United States Supreme Court,

should it chance to fall under his eye: In 1864, when the Confederacy was in the last throes of death almost. Lamar was sent to England to secure its recog nition by that power if possible. On his return, the Confederacy was

the Sergeant of the battery returned with his | the soldiers dispirited and disheartened, their armies meeting with defeat and discomfiture at every point, and the soldiers going over to ment, asked what regiment I belonged to. the Union army in great numbers. Something The 109th," I replied. "Where is your regi- had to be done to strengthen the backbone of the dving Government, and Lamar undertook the hazardous task of making speeches to the "Why don't you go to your regiment." "I soldiers to enthuse and encourage them as will when ordered to do so by the proper much as possible. He came down to the army in front of Petersburg to talk to the boys in the trenches, to encourage them to hold out faithful. Now, the pine forest had been cut down in front of Petersburg, and the stumps were very thick. It was announced that Lamar was going to address the soldiers, and when they were looking around for a good position from which he could speak to them, he was greeted with all sorts of remarks and jeers from the discouraged soldiery. "Put him on a stump," yelled a score of voices, "and his speech will be short."

At this time there was no hour of night or day that Yankee bullets were not flying thick and fast over the trenches. Finally they placed him on a stump in front of where the 12th Miss. lay, and amidst the whizzing bullets he began to tell them of his visit to England, and of the certainty of the recognition of the Confederacy by that power at an early day. He told them of their idle cotton-mills and starving operatives, because of their inability to get cotton through the blockaded Southern ports. He pictured everything with the most roseate hue; the wonderful success of the Confederate arms, and the success of the Confederacy just on the eve of realization, and its recognition by the ion is, that if troops while fighting an enemy | great powers of earth, which was assured from the fact that they had to have their cotton, and could not get it as long as the blockade existed. It was about 9 o'clock at night; the Yankee bullets flew thick and fast, and it was a weird and rather ludicrous sight to see Lamar there on that stump alternately ducking and dodging his head to escape the bullets as they 'zipped" past him, and trying to make his frequently-interrupted speech intelligible. The remarks, the jests, jeers and sarcasm of the boys in the trenches, as Lamar's attempted eloquence was cut short by a dodge or a duck, added greatly to its ludicrousness. At times, Lamar being good at repartee, would jokingly reply to some of the sallies of the boys; at other times he would look around wildly as a bullet passed uncomfortably close to his head. Finally the builets came so thick and fast that his broken speech was hardly intelligible, and the jeers of the boys came correspondingly thick. Evidently he was reaching a climax,

when a bullet whizzed so close to his head that he began to think "discretion the better part of valor," and jumping from the stump brought his speech abruptly to a close with the exclamation: "That - Yankee must have owl's eves! "-E. G. Rust, Orderly-Sergeant, Co. K. 21st N. J., Sixth Corps, Dallas, Tex.

VANQUISHING VICKSBURG. A Comrade Corrects the Mistakes of a 47th III. Man as to Its Commander.



reader of your paper for a number of years, and think it the best soldier paper published. Comrades in writing of their marches and battles sometimes make mistakes, but that is not to be wondered at length of time that has elapsed since those marches were made and battles fought. But it is a little sin-gular that a comrade should entirely forget

who his regimental commander was during the siege of Vicksburg, as Comrade Godfrey, of Co. B, 47th Ill., seems to have done in 'Picket Shots" in your issue of April 7. Comrade Godfrey says he was one of Gen. Tuttle's pioneers, and helped to dig the saps in front of that General's division. I won't dispute that point with him, but I must differ with him when he says that Col. McClure, of the 47th Ill., was Chief of Gen. Tuttle's staff. Colonel at all at that time, but was Captain of

Co. C. 47th Ill. Another fact is that the 47th Ill. did not have a Colonel at that time. Col. John N. son, Miss., when the regiment left that place on or about May 17. The regiment arrived in rear of Vicksburg on the evening of May 19, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Samuel L. Baker. Capt. Harmon Andrews, of Co. G. was

acting as Major. The regiment participated in the charge on May 22 with the balance of the brigade-Joe Mower's Second Brigade, Tuttle's Division. Two or three days after the charge the brigade was ordered to Satartia, on the Yazoo River, and Mechanicsburg, four miles inland, to drive away a force that had collected there. Gen. Kimball, with a brigade or division, I am not certain which, had been sent to assist us, but his troops did not become engaged. Mower's

troops succeeded in driving them away before Kimball get up. After the affair at Mechanicsburg Mower's Brigade was ordered to Young's Point, on the

taking of crackers, coffee, and molasses made | ward became Colonel of the regiment, and remained its Colonel until its muster-out in Before doing so, however, we concluded, as Peoria, Ill., and is President of the Reunion Association of the 47th HI.-WALTER SCOTT, Sergeant, Cos. G and B, 47th Ill., Box 1701,

IN THE WILDERNESS.

A New York Comrade Gives His Experience of Fighting in the Woods and Brush. AVING noticed two



articles in Fighting Them Over in your issue of July 30, 1891, by Comrade M. Giddings, Co. A, 61st Pa., and also one by a comrade of the 14th N. Y. H. A., Aug. Wentz, formerly residing near Mill Grand, N. Y., if I am not mistaken. He refers to me in the close of his description of the Wilderness as the one-armed Postmaster of Town Line, N. Y., and that I accused their regiment of shooting off my right Comrade is mistaken as to that charge, but

I always accused the regiment shooting me in the left arm on the 6th of May, 1864, at the Wilderness. And this is the way it came about: On the morning of the 6th our corps (the Sixth) held the extreme right of that bloody field, and our regiment (the 49th N. Y.) the extreme left of the corps, the Fifth Corps being on our left. That forenoon we lay in second line of battle, while the 61st Pa., of our brigade, lay quite a little in advance of us. They kept up a continuous fire there in the woods, presumably without seeing an enemy, as the woods were very close, and you could not see 100 yards in advance from where they lay, and they only attracted the enemy and gave them took all the advantage therefrom by sending their shot, shell, and grape into our line, the first line escaping the fusilade.

My left hand comrade in the front line received one of these grapeshots, it plowing right through the center of his skull. I can see the poor fellow yet weltering in his blood, and I solid shot plowed through our ranks, tearing off find his remains after the battle and after the war, but without avail.

violence could be seen.

out our being able to fire a shot, asked permis- he heard. Let him examine the records. sion from some higher authority to be allowed to relieve the 61st Pa., which was granted. The command was given and we passed through the woods and brush at a lively rate. We had orders to do so on the quiet, but the rebs got wind if it, because of the noise we made with our arms, canteens and tin cups rubbing against brush and trees could be easily heard some diswith shot and shell, so that we lost quite a | why. number of men in this advance, my rear man being struck on his right shoulder and breast, going through his knapsack, which contained quite a lot of letters and writing-paper, which were scattered to the winds. In the excitement they looked to me like white pigeons.

Well, we finally got there, relieved the 61st and formed line, they retiring after the line was established. Three or four men from each company were sent to the front, about 10 to 20 paces from the main line, with orders not to vocal music entitled "The Nightingale." fire without they saw the enemy. The result was, quiet was soon restored, which lasted until about 4 o'clock p. m., when they again opened their blasted artillery. It surprised me under a big tree a little to rear of the line, where I was trying to change my dirty shirt for a clean one, and also for the purpose of lightening my knapsack, so I might be in light-marching order. It was quite a job, for the shirt would stick and hang, so that I had to use force to tear it off; and donning the clean one, I was somewhat afraid the Johnnies might break through and find me not well uniformed.

But I finally got my toilet made in shape, and was fully equipped with haversack, canteen, knapsack, and cartridge-box, and rushed back to my company, where I had left my trusted Springfield sticking in the ground by the bayonet. But she was gone; some one must have taken it in the excitement. I soon found another gun. Soon after this we were ordered to fall back, which we did in good order to near the line we held in the morning, and we were pleasantly surprised to find a good log breastwork, which was supposed to have been built by the heavy artillery, the 14th N. Y., I presume, for their own use. It was a good one, and I don't believe the whole of Lee's army could have driven the Third Brigade, Second Division, Sixth Corps, from them. I provided myself especially well for a charge by the enemy, having laid an extra amount of cartridges on the flat side of a log in the works, ready to load and fire as fast as possible. But over the heads of our own skirmish-line, who lay low, and being contrary to orders. I was scolded by one of our officers. Then came that terrible charge on our right (the Third Division), where the rebs broke through, getting in our flank and rear. The 61st Pa. being 25 paces in our rear, as support or reserve, scattered like sheep, until our noble Major (Ellis) grabbed their colors and formed them in line diagonally with our line, to prevent a flank

movement of the enemy. Then my company (B) and Co. D were ordered to deploy as skirmishers to the rear, under the command of Maj. Ellis. I did not go more than a hundred yards when I was struck by a minie-ball in my left arm, near the shoulder. It paralyzed me for a few minutes; my hand and arm would not move. The bone was not broken, but the ball went around it and came out opposite to where it entered; and that is the shot I accuse the 14th N. Y. H. A. of firing. But, bless them, I bear them no grudge or bad feelings. I got it a good deal worse afterward (Sept. 21, 1864) at Fisher's Hill, when a genuine rebel ball struck me in the right wrist, causing the loss of my right arm, for which I am receiving a pension of \$30 per month, and no more, as my Democratic opposo much, when we take | nents try to make believe whenever I have run

into consideration the for a town office here. Those days, 4th, 5th and 6th of May, 1864, at the Wilderness were trying days; fighting continually in the woods against rebel infantry and artillery, which latter arm our forces did not use there, not knowing the lay of the land nor the position of the enemy.

Hoping to hear from others that belonged to the old Third Brigade, Second Division, Sixth Corps, I'll retire.-C. G. FUNKE, Co. B, 49th N. Y., Lancaster, N. Y.

Haunted. Life. "John, we must rent another house." "Why?"

"Every night I can hear ghostly sighing and whistling. It seems to come from the pipes, and I believe the place is haunted." "Shouldn't wonder. The former owner dropped dead with the plumber's bill in his

The Sewing Machine. What a marvel of usefulness it is. The day has gone by never to return, when this great boon is to be found only in the luxurious omes of the wealthy and well-to-do.

The system adopted by some of the reputable eading manufacturers whereby the services of the dealer, canvasser, adjuster, instructor, collector, etc., which have added so greatly to the cost of the Machines, have been dispensed with, and the Machines sold direct to families has resulted in a saving of at least 100 per cent. to the less fortunate classes, and very much more to those of small means who were compelled to buy on the "Installment Plan," and has placed Sewing Machines within the reach of all. There is no longer any doubt as to the kind of Machine best suited fo family use, as between the lock and the chain-stitch, the question having long since been decided in favor of the lock-stitch or NATIONAL TRIBUNE. God bless you, and all

shuttle Machine.
This point being settled, it remains that such machines must run lightly and quietly, and have all modern improvements in the matter of shuttle, needle, self-threading, bobbin winder, etc. etc. All these conditions are more than met in the NEW IMPROVED HIGH ARM AVERY advertised in another column, to which the atten-tion of our readers is called. The illustrated and descriptive catalogues of the manufacturers and numerous testimonials from owners of these ma-

## PICKET SHOTS.

From Alert Comrades All Along the

Line.



its truthful history.

A Good Home. Wm. Courliss, Marine City, Mich., writes that if there is any comrade or comrade's widow who has a bey or girl about 10 years old and should want to find a good home for the child, he would like to hear from him or her. Memorial Record Books.

the address of some one who makes up memorial record books for the use of Posts. Where is H. F. Daniels? H. E. Stambach, Co. C. 116th N. Y., Buffalo, N.

Y., writes: "Your issue of Feb. 18 had an inquiry in the Question Squad from H. F. Daniels, Co. C, 116th N. Y. I wrote him a letter and it was returned. Ask him to correspond with me by letter.'

Serg't Knight Does Not Know. James S. Reynolds, Second Lieutenant, Co. K. 14th N. Y., Hudson, N. Y., would inform Serg't Knight that he does not know as much suppose he rests in an unknown grave. One about the 14th N. Y. as he does about the Quaker Scout. He says the 14th Brooklyn was one leg and one arm from Capt. Plogsted. I | not within 10 miles of the place where the men and three more quickly gathered him up in a were taken prisoners, being northwest from it, blanket and carried him to the rear about 75 or at Upton's Hill. I would inform him the 14th a hundred yards, when the Ambulance Corps N. Y. (or 1st Oneida) were five miles farther took him in charge. He also fills an unknown | northwest, or five miles from Upton's Hill, grave. His friends and relatives tried hard to guarding the ferries at Georgetown, and encamped close to Fort Corcoran, all through the Summer and part of the Fall, when it moved to That same solid shot, after mutilating our | Miner's Hill. The writer was well acquainted brave Captain, struck another of our company, with the 14th Brooklyn, having some old John Levick, right on the chest, and he never | schoolmates in it. He does not want any perknew what struck him, though no mark of son to think he supposes the 14th Brooklyn lost any men in the manner Serg't Knight Our Colonel getting somewhat disgusted at | speaks of, but he means to say Serg't Knight seing his men slaughtered in this way, with- had better speak of what he saw, and not what

Information Asked and Given. Daniel Peesing, Clarkson, O. T., asks if there was a man by the name of W. H. Wilson who belonged to the 13th Ohio, Co. F. If so, please let the writer know what has become of him; how long he belonged to said company; what is his description; if he ever drew pension, and tance, and they gave us a very warm greeting | if it was ever taken away from him again, and

Benjamin F. Gates, to D. F. MacMartin, Oklahoma City, Okla., wants this information by letter: Date when Co. A. 1st Colo. Cav., camped at Bijou Basin, Colo., and were snowed in without rations; address of the commanding efficer of said company, George W. Hawkins, Licutenant; Serg't Joseph Holbrook; Alexander Bings and Gearge Nice, Corporals,

A. C. Long, Lykens, Pa., wants the name of the composer and the price of the piece of James N. Kelly, Co. H, 1st Minn., Hunter's Hot Springs, Mont., wants the poem, "The Bivouac of the Dead." H. H. Miller, Gresham, Neb., writes: "There is a good man here who has made application

to join our Post, but he says he has lost his discharge. He claims to have belonged to Co. B. 13th N. Y., and served after the war in the Northwest. Can you give me any information regarding his service? His name is Thomas Ruddick." W. F. Duncan, Chatata, Tenn., will give to the first comrade \$5 who tells him the company and regiment U. S. C. T. that Joseph Wilson (colored) belonged to, who was wounded at

Nashville, Tenn., December, 1864, and discharged at Huntsville, Ala., 1865 or 1866. Lydia S. Durfee, 105 Central street, Providence, R. I., wants some one to tell her if Richard Durfee, Assistant Engineer, U. S. S. killed on Big Sandy River, a tributary of Elk, Lodona, was ever entitled to any share of prize money. He is believed to have been the first man to board the Bienville when she was | when Gen. Loring made his raid down Kancaptured. Do any of the old salts know of the awha Valley."

F. B. Ruff, Volga, Iowa, writes: "A man by the name of Preston got my pension for me. When he died the papers were turned over to another lawyer, and I do not know his name. I want to find him." H. M. Soewell, of Indianapolis, Ind., would like information concerning the whereabouts of his brother, Lieut. Joseph B. Soewell, 1st Ky., who served for a time on the staff of only one shot was I allowed to fire, and that | Gen. Chas. Cruft. When last heard from he was in Texas, some 10 years ago.

comrade?

The Long-Service Men. A. Routszong, Sergeant, Co. F, 9th Mo. Prov. Cav., in reply to a recent criticism of Miles W. Buck, Drummer and Fifer of Co. G, 22d and 14th U. S., Tyrone, Pa., says that he does not think that it could be easting any reflections, or insult the brave boys who became pensioners for disabilities received while in line of duty, because a class of brave and faithful soldiers 27 years after the war have become permanently and totally disabled by loss of limb, blindness, or otherwise, should ask to be made equal in pensions for like disabilities received in line of duty. They certainly were as patriotic and brave, fought more battles, endured more campaigns, and rendered, many of them, the service of their entire enlistment, some re-enlisting and serving to close of war. On the other hand, many of those disabled were discharged in their first battle, or for a short term of service, on account of wounds, were discharged, and justly pensioned by the Government. Now, it does seem to me that men who escaped in battle after battle, who endured the long, arduous campaigns, many of them almost worn out, as it were, for two, three, or four long years of dreadful warfare, should be entitled to something near at least to equality in the shape of pensions with those who unfortunately were maimed and disabled in line of duty. It does not seem to me that any brave soldier would be offended or insulted at Comrade Buck, because, for losing both his feet by accident or disease 27 years after he had done this long and faithful service, for receiving an equal pension with that other faithful soldier who lost his limbs six or nine months after he entered the service. No, comrade; brave men do not get offended on the pension question. I will agree with the comrade to work for an increase in some way for this class of pensioners under the new law. Let us all pull together. Do right, and especially vote for the right kind of men, and read the best soldiers' friend in the world, THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

Lockwood's Brigade. W. Thomas Pippin, Co. D. 1st Md. (Eastern shore), Patoka, Ill., says: "Allow an old veteran from the 'wild and woolly West,' to come to the rescue of Comrade T. N. Craig, Co. C, 1st Md. (E. S.) In your issue of March 21, Comrade Craig wishes to know what battery Lockwood's Brigade supported on the morning of July 3, 1863. Well, well; was Comrade Craig for aught I know this was the first attack .a little scared that forenoon? Why, Comrade E. K. PARKER, Second Lieutenant, 1st R. I. L. Craig, bless your old chicken-thieving gizzard, Lockwood's Brigade did not support any battery that forenoon. The truth of the matter is that some battery supported the brigade. The battery was on our left. We were ordered to lie down, and the battery shelled the rebel lines, thus checking, as I then thought, the | you? onward rush of Ewell's men. Comrade Craig, NATIONAL TRIBUNE. God bless you, and all the other living members of that old regi- shopping. ment.

Where is the Comrade? Phillip Hendershot, Sergeant, Co. A, 10th U. S. Art., Pontiac, Ill., says: "If the old comrade that wants the address of Capt. Bush, Lient. Thomas French, Frederick Watts, John McCormick, John McIntosh, John Hendershot and Serg't Phillip Hendershot, will give his another column.

address, or will write to Pontiac, Ill., Box 652, he can have a chat with the old Sergeant of

Co. A. 10th U. S. Art. The Death of Col. Hull.

speaking of the death of Col. Hull, made some slight mistakes, for, as I remember it, the 1st Conn. Cav. were on the picket-line, some three or four miles from camp, and not the 2d Ohio. The 2d N. Y. and the rest of the brigade were lying west of Winchester, and near what was called 'the back road.' There had been some rade who skirmishing along the picket-line in the mornfought at An- | ing. and the whole brigade was ordered to tietam in- saddle up and get ready to mount, and we held tends to visit our horses, expecting to be ordered out to fight the field this at any moment. We remained in this posiseason, he can | tion from about 9 to 1 o'clock, when the comhave a map of | mand was given to march. Our regiment the northern | moved out down 'the back road,' first on a part of the walk, then a trot, then on a gallop. As we battle field passed along we met squads of horsemen, with mailed to him | their horses all tired out, who had been driven gratis, by in from the picket-line, and from all inquiries sending his of them as to where the Johnnies were they name, regi- replied that we would see them soon enough, ment, and and we did. As soon as we raised to the brow postoffice ad- of a hill we could see in the valley beyond dress to John long lines of horsemen of both armies confront-M. Gould, ing each other, and charging down upon each Portland, Me. other; sometimes our lines being forced back Maj. Gould is at critical points, and then the lines of the studying the rebels. We soon got in our places as best we battle, and | could, and in front of us a big rebel lay dead would like to correspond with all interested in | who had just been killed. The fighting was particularly severe around the little hamlet in our front; but soon the rebels were driven back, and we were in hot pursuit. In the eagerness of some of us to gain a ford in the stream in our front, we became detached from the main part of the regiment, and 200 or 300 rebs rode up out of a ravine parallel with and almost upon us, and we were taken so much by surprise that we stopped where we were. They were going E. A. Ryer, Post 589, Newburg, N. Y., wants at full gallop, and as they passed us fired at us several times, and our drummer boy (Wolf, of Co. I) was shot through the hat. Not far from here Col. Hull was killed, who had been commissioned Colonel just 10 days and received his commission the day before, and the night previous had given some of the officers an entertainment. I think it was on Nov. 12 that he was killed." A Long Service.

J. Wesley Isle, Indian Grove, Mo., says: "I noticed a communication in a recent issue claiming that O. A. Carwin was in continuous service for a term of five years, three months and 27 days. Now, we have a member of our (John Tietjens) Post, 506, named David Langsdarff, who enlisted in Co. D. 28th Pa., on June 28, 1861, and was discharged from Co. M, 2d U. S. Art., on Feb. 8, 1867, making a total service of five years, seven months and 10 days."

A Word from the Navy. Edward L. De Haven, who served on the U. S. sloop-of-war Pawnee from February, 1861, until February, 1864, says that the Chronological Record of the Great Rebellion now appearing in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, was a little off regarding the taking and occupation of Alexandria, Va.; as the crew of the second cutter of the Pawnee were in Alexandria some time before the troops of the army arrived, and the town was surrendered to Stephen C. Rowan, the Commander of the Pawnee, before the troops arrived. The crew of the Pawnee had captured and towed two river steamers from the wharf at Alexandria and anchored them in the stream several hours before Ellsworth's Zouaves arrived, and if there is any honor in occupying Alexandria, it should be given Admiral Rowan, who is now deceased, and who deserved all the credit for that occupation and much more.

We will say to the comrade that there was no formal surrender of Alexandria. Commander Rowan demanded the surrender of the place, but the rebel authorities simply evacuated the town, which was taken possession of by the Federal troops. The Pawnee was undoubtedly the first in the city, as she was cruising between Washington and the mouth of the Potomac for several weeks previous to the occupation of Alexandria, and the troops were landed under the protection of the Pawnee's guns.-EDITOR NATIONAL TRIB-UNE.

Cloyd Mountain. Mart Howe, Co. D. 34th Ohio, Lincoln, Neb., writes: "I was a member of 9th W. Va. under Gen. Hayes, and started on the Lynchburg raid, but was wounded in the battle at Cloyd Mountain and sent back to Charleston, and thereby escaped many hardships that others underwent. If the comrades remember anything about the old 9th on that occasion, would be glad to hear from them, especially at the spirited battle above named, after which there were 21 bodies around the flag of the 9th, 12 of whom were rebels; but our flag was carried over the ramparts, and we gained the victory. I was wounded near the breastworks, and did not see all the fight. Do the comrades, or any member of the 34th W. Va., know anything of a member of their regiment who was about 40 miles from Charleston? I think he

SECOND BULL RUN.

was cut off while retreating from Fayetteville,

How Gen. Rufus King was Selzed with Fit when the Battle Opened. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: WAS much pleased



with Serg't D. M. Perry's account of the severe engagement at Groveton, Va., on August 28, 1862. I can a testify to the general accuracy of the Sergeant's narrative. There are some things which he explains which I am very glad to know-they had heretofore been to me

mysterious. I will not enumerate them, but will call attention to only one incident which then happened among the many, and which does not seem to be sufficiently explained in Serg't Perry's paper. I refer to Gen. Rufus King and what befel him at that time at Groveton. Gen. King was or is (I know not whether he is now living) a son of Charles King, a former President of Columbia College, a graduate of West Point Military Academy, and at the outbreak of the rebellion was the editor of the Milwaukee Sentinel.

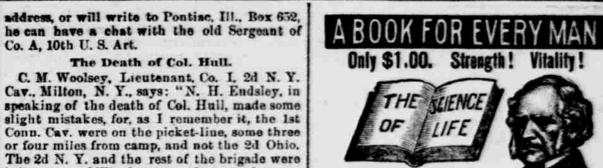
Just before Gen. King's Division met Jackson's rebel corps, the General stopped at Monroe's R. I. battery, which was halted at the side of the Warrenton pike. Orders had been received by Capt. Monroe to march in rear of the division direct to Centerville, as the enemy could not be found on or near the Warrenton pike. The officers of the battery were taking a lunch, and Gen. King was invi them. He dismounted and accepted the invitation. In five or 10 minutes the enemy announced himself by a number of shells that were thrown in our immediate neighborhood, We received orders to advance at once and return the fire. I remember just as I mounted my horse I heard an exclamation of surprise from some one, and I looked around and was greatly astonished to see Gen. King prostrate on the ground. I at first thought that he had been struck by a shell or a bullet, but soon saw that he was in a severe epileptic fit. This I know from the fact that a schoolmate of mine frequently had had them, and in consequence I was familiar with the symptoms Also, the next day, I was informed that such was the case in regard to Gen. King. I have never seen the General since that night as he lay there upon the ground. In my opinion no blame should be attributed to him, as his infirmity was of a kind over which he had no control, unless he might be censured for accepting a position for which he was totally unfitted on account of this physical disability. But A .- Monroe's battery (D), Providence, R. I.

Shortest to Him. [Boston Courier.]

Jimmy-Pa, Sis says February is the shortest month in the year. Does it seem so to Pa-No, my son. Experience convinces me

that January is the "shortest." Jimmy-How do you make it out? Pa-Because it's in that month that the bills come in for your mother's Christmas

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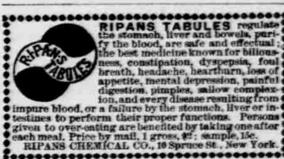
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